# THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. XXVI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., DECEMBER, 1900. No. 2.

## RISE UP, THOU CHRISTIAN NATION.

Rise up, thou Christian nation,
Whose glow is in the west;
Take Christ and his salvation
To all the world's distressed.
Where'er thy flag is flying,
There let His standard go,
Till sin-sick souls and dying
Shall of his fulness know.

Thou branch of His own planting,
The Mayflow'r wafted here,
Forsake all empty vaunting;
Thy role from God is clear.
Melt all thy silver mountains,
And mine thy veins of gold,
Unseal Truth's healing fountains,
Christ's dying love unfold.

Gird thou thy loins for duty,
Begone all unbelief!
For ashes give earth beauty,
The oil of joy for grief.
Till Ind forsake her Buddha,
And China her unrest,
And tribes, and kindred ruder,
Beneath His shadow rest.

Heiress of all the ages,
Of battles long since fought,
Of Greek and Roman sages,
Of classic dream and thought,
Thine is an honor greater,
Thine is a path untrod;
Point men to their Creator,
To Christ the Lamb of God.

The powers of earth are shaking;
The islands of the sea,
Their heathen ways forsaking,
Are turning now to Thee.
Rise up, thou Christian nation,
Whose glow is in the west!
Take Christ and his salvation
To all the world's distressed.

J. E. RANKIN, '48.

## CHAPEL ECHOES.

### THE WAYSIDE INN.

In this hurry-flurry world of ours there are times when we turn our thoughts with restful pleasure back to the days when progress moved more slowly, when men and women swept low bows with courteous ease, when alone the coach and four neared the glamour of our day. The delight in having reminders of by-gone days is not alone due to the fact that they serve as relics of antiquity, but that perchance they afford us a peculiar sense of pleasure, peculiar in that nothing in our modern experiences produces the same effect.

Among the remaining landmarks of early New England is the Wayside Inn which Longfellow has so appropriately chosen as the gathering-place of his Pilgrims. Here in summer pervades a quiet lavender-scented atmosphere of early colonial days of peace; in autumn the hurry-skurry of the leaves rushing along the turnpike may remind one of the British men-of-war, red coats of Royal King George hasting back from Concord; then a storm and the windows of the Wayside Inn gleam forth inviting the chilled and weary continental to partake of their cheer; but the Revolution over, the casements of the Inn are open wide, and the spring-note of America's freedom thrills from the throat of a robin in one of the oaks near by.

A little back from the road stands this Wayside Inn of Sudbury, having a long lane of its own, on either side of which are the famous old oaks with their enormous trunks and wide-spreading branches. As when Longfellow visited it, so now secluded from the world it stands—

"A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!"

A large, rambling, low-studded, wooden building of two and a half stories, with its many rooms, its many fire-places, and its many historical associations. Here is the parlor where the Pilgrims told their tales, the clock stands in the corner and the Howe coat-of-arms hangs above the fire-place as it did when Longfellow used to sit and watch the embers on

the hearth; here, the dining-room where Washington refreshed himself after a weary journey; here the chamber in which Lafayette rested—

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old colonial way
When men lived in a grander way
With ampler hospitality."

Longfellow loved the place, and although we cannot fill the nooks and crannies with such poetic fancies and imaginations as he did, yet we do feel, however material our minds may be, that there is a certain charm lingering about this grand old hostelry seated among the hills of New England; a poetic charm of peaceful rest which time and nature has cast about it.

L. E J., '01.

## THE LATEST THING IN FUNGI.

For the following account of a discovery which has not yet been formally announced to the scientific world at large, we are indebted to one of our promising young disciples of the microscope.

"You remember," he says, "that I spent my summer vacation in a small village in the distant state of X———,—a wealthy, enterprising state, but not yet attained to its greatest consequence because its fungi are not fully known and classified.

"Well, I spent much of my time in the interests of fungology. I took long, solitary walks. (an't say as the scenery impressed me much, for my eyes were seldom lifted from the ground. I had high hopes and a lofty aim, however, although I did look so modest. And what to me was any panorama of mere mountain, lake, and sky, compared with the remotest possibility of finding some new, exquisite little mushroom?

"One day I was walking along a very sparsely settled street in the outskirts of the town. I left the sidewalk, preferring to walk in the long soft grass beside it. Suddenly, my watchful eye spied something in that deep grass; a something small, round, and of a beautiful rose-color. How my heart jumped! The supreme, the happiest moment possible to a fungologist, had come to me; I was discovering!

"I stooped, and in that instant's act what a rich galaxy of pictures shot through my mind! At the instant of drowning all a man's past flashes back upon his memory; just so, my future whirled before my mind's eye: my name, glittering in the annals of glory, as the discoverer of the *Aurora Rosaria, Regina Fungorum;* little children, pointing a reverent finger after me, saying, 'There goes the man who found the pink toadstool;' my blessed mother, shedding tears of proud joy; my colleagues, letting fall their microscopes and specimens to crave a handshake from me; all these bright visions swam before my dazzled eyes, as I dizzily stooped to seize that small, round, rose-tinted growth. It seemed not to be attached to the earth by any root—the beautiful, ethereal thing! I raised the treasure close to my eyes—you know I am very near-sighted—and my ardent, scientific gaze struck the opaque surface of a—peppermint drop.

D. M. G., '01.

## CIRCLES.

The willows along the river banks cast deep shadows, for it was late afternoon. Great clouds of dust rolled up from the much traveled road, which followed the course of the river. The wind was in the south, and in that direction and in the west the clouds were dark and heavy.

"Papa, what makes those circles in the river?"

"I do not know, I am sure, my boy—wasn't it a fish?" and the father, glancing at the sky, pulls the boat a little faster.

"Papa, circles are funny things, aren't they?" pursued the small boy. "See! That one just reached the shore, and here's this little one just started. Now, that's most there, too - See, Papa?"

"Yes, my boy, I see!"

"Papa, lets play circles."

"How?"

"O that's *you* there, that great big one, and this little one is me—see? O there, Papa, see how fast you are going—now—see, you've hit the shore, and, O my, see how big I've grown!"

"Yes, my boy, I will have anchored and you, well, *you* will be a man then. Each year the circle wider grows and then it strikes the shore and breaks."

"But I did not mean to play that way, Papa," and his little perplexed face gazed into the saddened one of the father.

"Papa, do you see that old woman in the road?" Both father and son looked in that direction—the wind was beating against her face, blowing the stray locks of her gray hair, and making a waving pennant of her blue-checkered apron. In her hand she carried a little birch switch which she beat in rythmic measure against her dress skirt.

"Johnny! Johnny! John!" At catching sight of Johnny the small boy nearly overturned the boat. Perched on a low limb of an old maple sat Johnny, his bare legs swinging merrily and his hands clasped before his mouth ready to give the shrill whistle which soon penetrated the air.

"John, if I don't teach you to——" but the boat sped along toward a curve and the occupants could not see or hear the rest of the side play.

The call of a tally-ho soon broke upon the air and a moment later, with a whirl of dust, it appeared in sight, the well groomed horses in silver harness, and the flash of the brass bugle at the mouth of the footman perched at the back, attracted the little boy's attention and he gave but a glance at the fine ladies and gentlemen.

"My, aren't they happy, though?" said the small boy.

"Yes, they seem to be. Who do you suppose are the happier, my boy, those people on that tally-ho, or Johnny back there aways?"

The small boy looked puzzled, then, looking philosophical, replied: "Johnny, if she did not switch him too hard."

"Papa, Johnny may have a tally-ho when he gets big, and then he can make that old grandmother of his sorry she was cross to him, and take her to ride in his tally-ho, mayn't he, Papa?"

The father, with a thoughtful look, replied, "But the circle may have reached the shore."

"You mean she may have died?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Papa, supposing, just supposing, you know, that Johnny was me and I Johnny and you one of those tally-ho people, wouldn't it be funny?"

"Funny?"

"Well, yes,—but no, not funny. I'd rather be me and have you *you*. Hadn't you?" and the little man caught hold of the oars as his father pulled the boat into the boat house.

Down the wooded path into the dusty road they tramped together. And I? Well, I thought of some verses I had learned long before:

"But down the yellow winding road
That followed where the river flowed,
I saw a long procession pass
As shadows over bending grass;
The young, the old, the sad, the gay,
Whose feet have trod that woodland way,
And learned all spells of life and death,
To which man's spirit answereth." N. I. B., '01.

## THAT'S NO DREAM.

Have you never started to tell some fact or story and then thought, "Well, I'm not sure whether I dreamed this or it really happened?" If so, help me to decide the truth of the following story, told by a weary, dazed-looking boy to his father one morning last July.

"I've had an awful dream," said the poor fellow. "I thought I had been away a whole year, and such a year! I found myself first on the top floor of a three-story stone building. I seemed to be suffocating, and looking about saw that the air was filled with a black substance, not in the form of a powder, but more like bits of ribbon. some of which were a foot long. Still gasping for breath I looked more closely and saw that each piece was a German word. I saw that my companions, for I had several, were as much disturbed by them as I. The particles floated into our eyes, mouths and ears and when we were called on to recite some of the biggest would stick in our throats and not one German word could we get to come back. Others would stop our ears so we could not hear each other, and to add to our misery Bernhardt's composition arose from the corner and flung lesson after lesson at us until we were almost dead with pain and fright. Whereupon Mephistopheles appeared, drove away the composition and told us that he and Faust had come to take us to another field. Then we felt ourselves dropping and I thought I had surely lost my breath, when I saw that I was apparently in a room below the former, but how different! I could breathe all right, but something was pricking me unmercifully, the light was dazzling, and my bones seemed to be snapping and cracking. I moved aside quickly and found that I had been standing between the discharging conductors of a Hotz machine. Horror upon horror! A ray of light was cast upon me just then and I saw my shadow on the wall. It was like a sieve. 'Well,' thought I, 'I'm a living representative of a man who has been struck by lightning.' Just at this moment I noticed that I was unusually large, and turning around saw a powerful magnifying glass gazing at me. In my embarrassment I stepped back into a portion of the solar spectrum, which made me so green that I became small enough to pass between the molecules of which the floors were made. After passing through two floors I was left standing in front of a skeleton hung on the edge of a blackboard.

'Can you classify yourself,' he said, without opening his mouth. Upon my answering 'No,' he informed me that I was doomed to stay there three months. Day after day that skeleton, with the strange words 'Zoology and Physiology' engraved on the frontal bones, stayed by me and would not let me leave the room. Finally I pushed it into its closet and hurried out and up the flight of stairs. There I was seized and buried alive. A most strange and uncomfortable burial, too—for I was in a sitting posture with books piled around me, large and small, of all colors and descriptions, and over them all was put a big quotation book. A man that is buried alive has plenty of time to think of his agony, and I was becoming desperate when I pulled out a book at the very bottom of the pile and labeled Horace Note Book. Lo! all the others fell away from me. After climbing over the heap of books and descending a long distance, I came to a room that I knew I had been in before, but I could not look around, for the cats and frogs were so thick that I could barely walk, to say nothing of the *cyclostomata*, *gymnophiona* and *ornithodelpia* that tripped me at every step. I could hear cats mew and frogs croak until I could not tell whether the cats croaked and the frogs mewed, or not." The dazed expression became more noticeable as the boy lapsed into silence.

Were I to ask you if this really happened most of you would answer, "That's no dream."

A. K. D., '02.

## NOTHING.

Nothing is a non-existing something, something that neither is, was, nor will be. For example, a cat when the cat isn't there. It is a sock with its foot and leg gone and with the remainder spliced with holes, or the nucleus of an Amoeba after a cyclops has eaten it. It can usually be seen out of doors on a pitch-dark night at 12 o'clock. One doesn't have to squint, put on glasses, or look through a microscope to see it. You can even see it with both eyes closed, and on this account it is very easily studied. Sometimes one can see it by looking sharply at himself, at least, in the opinion of others.

It can also be heard, but with difficulty, and not at all times. Even tired and very sick people delight in listening to its harmonious sound. It can be heard for miles and miles without the aid of the telephone.

Nothing has a variety of names. Zero is one of its appellations, belonging to one particular set of nothings and usually represented by an oblong figure with a hole in the centre. It sits in all its magnificence and splendor on the equator, but has other dwelling places, such as the right-hand places in a numeral like one hundred or one thousand. However, zeros settle most thickly in the professors' rank books.

Nothing is a very quick thought and it often happens to be just the thing to say, as the old maxim reads: "If you have anything to say, say it, and if not, say nothing." But this advice is very seldom followed and, consequently, nonsense after nonsense is repeatedly spoken, when, if only that little advice had been heeded, how much strength would have been saved for more important use.

So far, I have spoken of nothing, as being simply nothing, not anything, but this is certainly false. Nothing must be something, since there are many things of less value, as minus quantities in algebra. And, what is more, the world was created from it. Therefore, nothing is a very important something, but this time it has happened that your attention has been held by an unimportant nothing.

## *IN RE* HATS.

Customs are continually changing, a great many of the changes being mere fads, living for a short time and then falling into disuse.

The fad I wish to speak about is of a peculiar kind. Often when you are walking along the street you meet men whom, at a distance, you might take for Indians. Upon closer examination, however, you would think, and especially if you are in the vicinity of the stone bridge, that there had been a hard wind blowing. But surely the wind could not have blown off so many and if you should approach one of these individuals and ask him where his hat was he would immediately spring on you this little speech, which he has learned by heart for the edification of all such ignorant people: "See here, now, did you ever see a bald-headed woman? No! Why? Because they go without hats so much." Then, without giving you a chance to suggest that perhaps some women are bald, but conceal the defect by false hair, he continues: "Now, there are the Indians, too. Whoever heard of a bald-headed Indian? Nobody! Why? Because they never had any hats." Perhaps here, too, you would like to suggest that most of the Indians only had to support a scalp lock and that frequently even these were taken off before their owners were old

enough to become bald; but no, he goes right on: "What good are hats anyway? The hair was made to keep the head warm. Hats, too, cost money, especially when you pay four dollars for a new derby and have it smashed the first time you wear it. Now, then, since hats make us bald, cost lots of money and are of no use any way,why should we wear them?" If by that time you feel entirely convinced that he has not been talking through his invisible hat, go and throw yours away, or rather lay it aside until winter sets in good and hard. P. W., '02.

## THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, beginning on May 1 next, will surpass all former enterprises of this sort in six very important and interesting features, as follows:

First, the court settings. By this is meant a symmetrical placing of the principal large buildings with reference to one another so as to form a system of connecting courts, each with its special features yet each a part of one great, beautiful picture. The principal courts are the Court of Fountains and Plaza, which forms a north and south perpendicular and connects with a transverse court called the Esplanade. Two minor courts open into the Esplanade, known as the Court of Cypresses and Court of Lilies. These courts, about 33 acres in area, with a magnificent decoration which will complete their beauty, will give to the eye a vista of exceptional grandeur, from whatever point they may be seen.

Second, the hydraulic and fountain effects. Each of the courts has its special fountain feature. The Court of Fountains contains a pool covering about two acres, in which are hundreds of darting and sparkling jets. These fountains are in the form of magnificent sculptures in large number. Surrounding the main group of buildings and bordered with a double row of trees and grassy banks is a broad and stately canal more than a mile in length. At certain points this canal forms a part of the court vistas, but has more to do with the rich embellishment of that portion of the grounds outside the main buildings. Lagoons that lose themselves amid lawns and gardens tap the main waterways at various intervals and at the southern side of the Esplanade it broadens into lakes, where have been planted a wonderful variety of water plants to be ready for next year's blossoming. In that part of the great Exposition plot known as Delaware Park is a lake half a mile long, surrounded by wooded banks that will contribute much to the beauty of the Exposition.

Third, the horticultural and floral embellishment of the grounds. At all salient points have been arranged formal flower beds and gardens, while upon a large space, immediately south of the Esplanade, have been arranged the most complete horticultural display ever seen at any Exposition.

Fourth, the sculptural and plastic decorations. This exposition will set a new pattern for nations to contemplate and adore. The exterior of every building will present a richness of design and delicacy of detail unparalleled in the history of expositions. Majestic statues and costly modeled groups, lacking only life to complete the ideality of their purposes, will guard entrances and bridges or send down their blessings upon the enterprise from lofty domes and towers.

Fifth, the color decorations. From all the buildings will be diffused a radiance of color that will vie with the brilliant gardens in its agreeable effect upon the eye. Such elaborate color decoration upon the exteriors of the great group of buildings is a distinct departure from the custom observed at former expositions. To the prismatic brilliance of the gardens and the rich tints of the buildings will be added water effects extraordinary in conception and of supreme beauty. In all the courts will be large pools rippling and sparkling under the fantastic activity of numberless fountains. Many of these fountains are to be elaborate sculptured works with jets of water playing from hundreds of openings.

Sixth, the electric lighting effects. With all its wonderful beauty by day the Exposition will be, like Cereus of Tropical America, a flower of the night. Then will it blossom in exquisite perfection. With all the fountains playing amid floating lights upon every golden, rippling pool; with the great cascade shooting in veil-like form from its high niche in the tall electric tower; with more than 200,000 electric lights fringing every building and giving to every jet and ripple of water a fantastic iridescence; with music lending the charm of sweet sounds to the harmony of color and sculpture, flowers, foliage and fountains, the evening scenes at this Exposition will be such as no lover of the beautiful will permit to pass without at least one determined effort to witness them.

# THE UNDERGRADUATE.

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## EDITORIAL.

OUR attention has been called to two errors in the obituary of Dr. Hamlin, published last issue. His wife's maiden name should read Jackson, and Robert College is at Bebek rather than at Harpoot.

THE part of this issue that is especially conspicuous by its absence is the Alumni column, and this is largely the fault of the Alumni themselves. The news received from this source directly is practically *nil.* This shows either a lack of loyal appreciation of what your Alma Mater has helped you to, or an undue modesty in publishing what you have done. We would hate to think that the former had any truth in it and would dispel the latter by assuring you that any item you may send will be stripped of any personal element, so that no one would dream that you yourself were the informant. We will gladly give two pages to alumni notes if the alumni will but furnish us with the material.

WE regret to announce that our former business manager, J. Earle Parker, '01, has been compelled by force of circumstances to resign from that position. Late in the summer Mr. Parker underwent an operation for appendicitis and in consequence was absent from college during the first seven weeks of the term. His health, combined with the necessity for extra study, made it imperative that he give up some of his outside duties. At a meeting of the association the assistant business manager, James I. Newton, '02, was promoted to manager and Carl Perkins, '04, elected as assistant. So the business department is still in capable hands, for Mr. Newton is untiring in his efforts for the best welfare of the paper. The clubbing offer he makes should have a hearty response, for the rates are exceptionally low.

THE Old Library, as such, is a thing of the past. During the Thanksgiving recess the transfer of the books was completed and upon returning the students found the door that first swung open some twenty years ago, closed. Now one in search of some old book-friend must needs cross the campus and pass between the marble columns and in through the oaken doors of the new Starr Library. But these old friends are by no means made distant and unapproachable by their more imposing surroundings; in fact, by the new method of cataloguing so carefully worked out by Dr. Prentiss, one finds himself much more easily on familiar terms with them. The long interval between the completion of the building and its occupancy is largely due to imperfect work on the part of the contractors for the stack. The moving of the books has been done mainly by students, the conveyance being a sort of stretcher with a man at either end and great is the amount of shoe-leather that has been crunched out on the gravel paths between the old and the new buildings. But the task is at last practically completed, though the books on the top floor must wait until the marble tiling be laid on the ground floor of the stack room and the process of recataloguing has but barely begun. The amount of labor and planning necessary to bring about the successful transfer of nearly 30,000 volumes, large and small, is hardly comprehended at first thought. Ancient calf and cloth bound works, some covered with dust of long ago, were disturbed of their long rest upon the painted wooden shelves to be transported to the enameled metal cases of the new stack. The shabbiness of some of the "Ancients" is emphasized by their shining new quarters, but a book, like a man, is valued by what it has in it that will benefit and uplift others. The fact that the covers are not in a state of perfect preservation and

that the pages bear the stamps of many thumbs only goes to show its value. Not without a pang was the old building robbed of the precious burdens it has so long borne. It is inevitable that since President Hamlin, some twenty years ago, fitted up North Painter Hall for a library, many memories and associations should have grown along its book-lined walls. How many a student, now in the strenuous life, has rejoiced to find help from the written wisdom stored within it. To how many have come the pleasure of a leisure hour profitably spent turning page after page or only making acquaintance with the titles of the works ranged upon its shelves. Surely none could look with irreverence upon the forsaken shelves any more than he could view with anything less than pride the beauties and advantages of the new quarters. Surely in our minds at least we will inscribe over the old door the sentiment if not the words of Longfellow:

"We may build more stately habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot buy with gold
The old associations."

# AMONG THE ALUMNI.

[Contributions in the way of literary articles, reminiscences and news of former graduates are especially solicited from alumni.

In the case of a change of address, alumni are specially requested to notify the Business Manager. Much trouble has been caused in the past by failure to do this.]

Ex-'81. During chapel exercises recently Rev. Henry Olin Cady gave a half-hour talk on China as it is today. Mr. Cady graduated at Northwestern and since 1886 has, with the exception of one year, been engaged in missionary work in China.

'86. The Chronicler of "Danvis Folks" is the title of a memorial sketch of Rowland Robinson, by Henry Lincoln Bailey of the class of '86, in the New England Magazine for December. The writer sketches in well chosen words and incident the life, habits, and haunts of Vermont's blind author, giving a delightfully brief and comprehensive review of Mr. Robinson's works. Mr. Bailey is pastor of the Congregational church at Middletown Springs and was formerly a neighbor of the author treated.

'97. Miss Marion Dunbar has resigned her position at the Castleton Normal and entered upon a course at the Boston University Law College.

'98. Miss Mary Higley, who is teaching in Bakersfield Academy, spent the vacation at her home in town.

'98. Michael Halpin has been appointed to a government clerkship at Manila, where he is now residing.

'98. Miss Florence Allen, who taught for two years in the Proctor High School, is at present teacher of Greek and Latin at Ballston Spa, N. Y.

'99. Miss Grace M. Potter is teaching at the Castleton Normal School.

'99. Frank W. Cady, who holds the position as principal of the Chester High School, spent a part of the Thanksgiving recess in town. Miss Sara Scoles, also of the class of '99, is preceptress of the same school.

'99. C. O. Smith is graduate assistant in botany at Cornell University. He will also remain as assistant during the session of the summer school. He writes that his experience in a large university has made him a greater advocate of the advantages of a small institution like Middlebury for practical undergraduate work.

'00. S. B. Botsford, a student at the Buffalo Law College, who was reader for our Glee Club last season, has been appointed to the same position on the club of that institution. We suppose that the people of that unoffending city and neighboring towns in "whose rapid growth it frequently happens, etc," will become as familiar with "the calf" as have several communities of central Vermont and eastern New York during the last two years.

# OBITUARY.

## STANLEY R. KITCHEL, '74 non-grad.

The funeral of Stanley R. Kitchel, who died at Minneapolis Dec. 6, was held Tuesday at 11 o'clock, from his residence, 128 Highland avenue. Rev. L. H. Hallock of Plymouth Church, of which Mr. Kitchel was a member, officiated. Mr. Kitchel was one of the oldest practicing attorneys in Minneapolis, having devoted himself incessantly to the law since his arrival in the rapidly growing city May 1, 1879.

Stanley R. Kitchell was born at Detroit, Mich., July 4, 1855. He received his early education in the public schools of Detroit and Chicago and prepared

for college at Middlebury high school, entering Middlebury College in 1872. He remained here two years, entering Williams College in 1874, where he graduated in 1876. He was a member of the Chi Psi fraternity, and won high honors as a student. Having been prepared for the bar, Mr. Kitchel was not slow in following Horace Greeley's advice about going west, and decided to cast his lot in Minneapolis, which was then just entering on the era of its phenomenal growth. There was more litigation in the developing community than now, comparatively speaking, and Mr. Kitchel soon forged his way to the front, becoming recognized as one of the foremost attorneys in the city not long after hanging out his shingle.

In June following his arrival he was admitted to the Hennepin county bar, and practiced alone until 1880, when he became identified with the firm of Rea, Woolley & Kitchel. Judge John P. Rea, who later became commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, died a few months ago. John G. Woolley has since become a noted temperance advocate. Mr. Woolley withdrew from the partnership in 1883, and his place was taken by Frank Shaw. Since 1886 the firm name has been Kitchel, Cohen & Shaw. He was a member of the library board, but resigned on account of his health. From 1894 until 1897 he was president of the Minneapolis Bar association; president of the Minneapolis club, 1895–97, and a member of several Masonic bodies. He was married Dec. 2, 1879, to Miss Anna C. Gerhard of Delaware, O. His wife and son, Wilard C. Kitchel, aged 19, now at Williams College, survive him.

The death of Mr. Kitchel has called forth many expressions of genuine regret from Minneapolis attorneys, with whom he had been associated constantly for years in a professional way. Being a strictly office lawyer, he was not so well known personally as other prominent members of the bar, but those who ever had occasion to meet him in the seclusion of his office had reason to remember the kindly, wholesouled student of the law. He was a man, as one of his intimate friends recently said, of absolutely unimpeachable probity and uprightness. He was particularly kind to the younger members of the bar, to whom he was constantly extending a helping hand, and was always affable and approachable to every one with whom he came in contact. He stood at the head of his profession as an authority on land titles in Minnesota, and had been interested largely in contracts of great magnitude — trusts and estates. The bar of Hennepin county owes him a debt of gratitude for his self-sacrificing work in its behalf as an officer and member of the association. He organized the bar library and restored it after its destruction by fire. It was due entirely to his individual work that a second library was secured. He contracted for all purchases of books and secured much more satisfactory prices than the bar had formerly obtained.

# FOOT BALL.

MIDDLEBURY, 0; U. V. M., 21.

The return game with U. V. M. at Burlington, Nov. 10, resulted in every way satisfactorily for the team, when its crippled condition is taken into consideration. Lawrence and Stearns who played such a conspicuously strong game against Vermont at Middlebury were unable to play in Burlington. Skeels was suffering from a strained tendon and was in no condition to play, but pluckily played the entire game. Some delay was caused in beginning the game, owing to a failure of the captains to agree as to the length of halves. Vermont, taking advantage of Middlebury's crippled condition, insisted on 25 minutes as a minimum length, in spite of the fact that the U. V. M. team had not played longer than 20-minute halves with any team this season.

Vermont won the toss and chose the west goal. A strong west wind was blowing, which prevented Middlebury from punting effectively during this half. Wilds kicked off to McKellow. Dane made five yards through Skeels and Hutchison fifteen around right end. Middlebury held for downs, Drake and Wilds breaking through the line and tackling for fifteen yards loss. After two downs Middlebury fumbled, Hutchinson getting the ball. Vermont kicked to the 20-yard line, regaining the ball on a fumble. Dane was soon pushed over the line. McKellow kicked a goal. On the kick-off Robinson carried the ball from the 20 to the 40-yard line. After a few plays Hutchinson carried the ball over, circling right end for twenty-five yards. Robinson punted out, but no one caught the ball. Robinson caught the ball on the 20-yard line and ran back fifteen yards. Hutchinson took the ball from Strait on a double pass and ran seventy yards for a touchdown. McKellow failed to kick an easy goal. Wilds kicked to Parker on the 30-yard line. He passed the ball to Robinson, who went sixteen yards. U. V. M. was unable to gain farther and Morse punted twenty-five yards. Middlebury then advanced the ball fifteen yards by tackle plays by Drake and Wilds, but lost ten yards on a fumble. Wilds punted to the 50-yard line. Robinson on a trick play made fifteen yards and Morse then circled left end for thirty more. In two plays more the ball was pushed over. The Vermont men failed to catch the ball on a punt out. Middlebury carried the ball safely out of her territory, Drake

and Wilds making ten-yard gains through the center. Time was called with the ball in Middlebury's possession in Vermont's territory. As the score shows, practically all Vermont's gains were made on trick plays and double passes.

In the second half Middlebury took a brace and played Vermont to a standstill. Waddell kicked off to Wilds, who ran back ten yards. The ball was now advanced by steady line-bucking to Vermont's 40-yard line. Wilds made five yards through Parker. Drake added four through McKellow. Wilds made five more through Orton, and Drake ten more around left end. Burke then took the ball four times through McKellow, gaining his distance each time. U. V. M. got the ball on a fumble, but could not gain, Drake tackling Orton, Parker and Hutchinson for loss. Morse punted straight into the air, catching the ball himself five yards behind the line. A second punt was blocked by Wilcox, the ball going about fifteen yards.

Time was called with the ball on Middlebury's 30-yard line. Score of this half, 0 to 0.

The U. V. M. correspondent of the Free Press of Nov. 12 says: "The reason why Vermont did not score in the second half was due to the unsportsmanlike play of their opponents, who used every effort to delay the game." He says nothing of the unsportsmanlike action of Vermont in compelling a crippled team to play longer halves than either Vermont or Middlebury had played this season.

Explaining Middlebury's gains in the second half we quote from the same article this remarkable statement:

"When Middlebury had the ball the quarterback would spend some time in giving signals and the *Vermont men would get so nervous* that when the ball was snapped they were unprepared."

"*Nervousness*," as an element in foot ball contests, is a somewhat novel complaint.

One unpleasant feature of the game was the presence of the greater part of the crowd upon the field. The grounds were not roped and but little effort was made to keep the spectators upon the side lines. Even though not interfering with the score, this is most disagreeable to a visiting team and ought never to be permitted by a responsible college management.

For Middlebury Drake played a brilliant game, giving a great exhibition of fierce and effective tackling. Wilds, Burke and Wilcox also played good foot ball. For Vermont Capt. Morse put up by all means the fastest game.

The line-up:

| VERMONT. | MIDDLEBURY. |
|---|---|
| Morse, r. e. | l. e., Stubbs |
| McKellow, r. t. | l. t., Burke |
| Orton, r. g. | l. g., Lynde |
| Beckley, c. | c., Wilson |
| Parker, l. g. | r. g., Thompson |
| Waddell, l. t. | r. t., Skeels |
| Patterson, l. e. | r. e., Bailey |
| Robinson, q. | q., Duffield |
| Hutchinson (Locke), l. h. | r. h., Wilcox |
| Dane (Butler, Welch), r. h. | l. h., Drake |
| Strait, f. | f., Wilds |

Referee, McCuen; umpire, Brett; linesmen, Williams and Stearns; timekeepers, Carr and Prof. Howes; time of halves, 22 and 21 minutes; touchdowns, Hutchinson, 2; Dane and Strait.

MIDDLEBURY, 18; RUTLAND, 6.

The foot ball team defeated the Rutland team by a score of 18 to 6 on Chaffee's field at Rutland Saturday afternoon, Nov. 3. Although beaten by two touchdowns, the Rutland team fought a good fight. Their offensive work was very satisfactory. In the first half this was not apparent, as Middlebury had possession of the ball nearly the entire half. In the second half the collegians' line was torn through or circled more frequently. The defense of the Rutland team was somewhat weak. Although the linesmen occasionally broke through and tackled behind the line, Middlebury was almost sure of a good gain on end plays. This was due in large part to poor tackling. The game was witnessed by about 400 people. Although the sentiment of the crowd was largely for Rutland, there were enough Middlebury rooters present to make good plays on either side sure of appreciative cheers and applause. The Rutland rooters fairly went crazy in the second half when Capt. Ryan ploughed through Middlebury's line for a touchdown. There were few grandstand plays. Straight, hard foot ball was the order of the game. Drake of Middlebury made two pretty runs of fifty-five and seventy yards, the latter for a touchdown. Wilcox of Middlebury made a 25-yard run. Weyrick and Botsford of the Rutland team made runs of ten and fifteen yards. The line-up and summary follow:

| MIDDLEBURY. | | RUTLAND. |
|---|---|---|
| Stubbs | left end | Kent |
| Barrett | left tackle | Hendrick |
| Lynde | left guard | Billado |
| Wilson | center | Earle |
| Lawrence | right guard | Dervin |
| Burke | right tackle | Harrison |
| Bailey | right end | Swain |
| Duffield | quarter back | Hazelton |
| Drake | left half back | Botsford |
| Wilcox | right half back | Ryan |
| Wilds | full back | Weyrick |

Summary: Score, Middlebury, 18: Rutland, 6. Touchdowns, Drake (3), Wilcox, Ryan. Goal from touchdowns, Wilds (3), Hazelton. Referee, Dunton. Umpire, Burnham. Linesmen, Simonds and Hulihan. Time, two 20-minute halves.

## THE LIBRARY.

The following article is reproduced from the recently issued report of the Satte Library Commission. It furnishes what the friends of the College will be glad to read as the library enters on its new career—a description of the admirable "book-house" and many facts of interest relative to the present status and administration. The article was accompanied, in the commission's report, by a full-page view of the building:

"While the establishment of the Middlebury College Library occurred some months prior to the incorporation of the College in the year 1800, its real efficiency as an educational factor in the College and community may be referred to the year 1881. Beginning with that year a period of progress commenced with the removal of the library into more commodious quarters in the north division of Painter Hall, the establishment of daily instead of weekly opening hours, followed by free access to the shelves, the adoption of a card catalogue, the employment of an assistant librarian in daily attendance, the establishment of a reading room with a selection of the best of the current periodicals on the tables, a classification and rearrangement of many departments of the library, the granting of the privileges of the library to others than those connected with the College. These, and other progressive steps, have naturally resulted in a largely increased use of the library, especially by the student body and the teachers and pupils of the local high school.

"The number of volumes in the library, exclusive of pamphlets, is now about 24,000; and the annual cir-culation, some 4,800 volumes.

"The officials are Professor C. B. Wright, librarian, and an assistant librarian who is in daily attendance. During the greater part of the past year, in order to afford the assistant librarian more time for other work, the delivery desk has been in charge of three student-assistants, who have alternated in their attendance at the desk.

"The centennial celebration of the College, at its last commencement, July 1–5, 1900, was of especial interest in consequence of subscriptions of money and books for the increase of the library, and above all, the dedication to its uses, July 3, of the Egbert Starr Library building. This event was the fruitage of the hopes expressed in the last biennial report. A bequest of $50,000, from Egbert Starr of New York city, provided for the erection of the building. It stands on the College campus southeast of Starr Hall, facing the north. Built of marble, in the classical style of architecture, simple and massive in its outlines, it presents a front of seventy feet with a pillared portico over the entrance in the centre. Massive double doors of polished oak open into the vestibule, on both sides of which are handsomely fitted retiring rooms. From the vestibule one passes into the lofty and ornately finished reference and reading room, extending the entire width of the front by a depth of twenty-two feet. Shelved around the walls are the books for reference, and those in most common use in the various departments of college work. Directly opposite the entrance doors is the delivery desk in front of the passageway leading into the stack room. Doors on both sides of this passage open into rooms for the librarian and his assistants. The side walls of the passageway afford room for the card-catalogue cases and the librarian's reference books. The stack room is thirty-two feet wide and 50 feet deep, with a height of thirty feet from the basement floor, upon which is built the stack of two tiers of steel shelving of the most approved pattern. These tiers are each seven and one-half feet high, leaving room for a third tier above them when the needs of the library demand it. The floor of the reference room is, of course, on a level with the floor of thick ground glass at the top of the lower tier. Aisles down the centre and at the sides give access to the shelves, which are well lighted by lofty

windows placed opposite the spaces between the rows of shelves. Under the main building is a commodious cellar arranged for storage and work-room purposes and the heating apparatus. The entire building is lighted by electricity, and is heated by steam with direct radiation in the stack room, and indirect in the reading room. The book capacity of the building is 90,000 volumes.

"It is the hope of those entrusted with its management that the occupation of the Egbert Starr Library begins a new era in the progress and usefulness of the Middlebury College Library.

"C. E. PRENTISS, Assistant Librarian."

# AMONG THE FRATERNITIES

The annual initiation banquet of Alpha Mu of Chi Psi was held at the Addison House Friday evening, November 16. Among the alumni present were Hon. D. K. Simonds of Manchester, Dr. H. M. Eddy and George A. Stewart of Middlebury, Edward Dana of Rutland, Dr. C. B. Ross of West Rutland and George S. Wright of Bethel, Vt.

The annual initiation banquet of the Vermont Alpha of Pi Beta Phi was held in the Pharetra on the evening of Saturday, November 17. There were several present from the chapter at Burlington.

## D. K. E. CONVENTION.

The fifty-fourth annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity was held at Providence, R. I., November 14–16. The Upsilon chapter at Brown University and the Rhode Island Alumni Association were the hosts. The headquarters of the convention were at the Trocadero, in the centre of the city, not far from the Narragansett and the other hotels. The convention opened with a smoker in the parlors of the Trocadero on Wednesday evening. Thursday evening a dance was given in the ball room, some two hundred and fifty couples being present. The business sessions on Thursday and Friday were full of life and enthusiasm. The next convention will be held at Washington, D. C., at the invitation of the Washington Alumni Association. A charter was granted to the local society of Alpha Tau at McGill University at Montreal. The other business was kept secret. The convention closed with a banquet at the Trocadero Friday evening. The Middlebury chapter was represented by Nelson and White.

# LOCALS.

Barrett and Simonds, '04, have returned to College after a sickness of some time.

Miss Florence Bemis, '04, recently spent Sunday with Miss E. G. Parker, '00, at West Rutland.

Mrs. Crane, with her usual hospitality, entertained a large party of College people Thanksgiving night.

White and Nelson, '01, attended the annual convention of Delta Kappa Epsilon at Providence, R. I.

The young ladies of Battell Hall gave the 'Varsity foot ball team a reception on the evening of November 17.

The local chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon gave an informal dance at Cornwall on Friday evening, November 16.

The young ladies of Battell Hall, who remained in town during the recess, gave a very pleasant dancing party Friday evening.

The Junior Class will give the annual promenade in the town hall December 21, the Howard Opera House orchestra furnishing music.

There was a reading from Shakespeare in the chapel Thursday evening, December 6, by John F. Howard of Boston. It was well attended.

Roy S. Stearns, '01, spent Thanksgiving with Harry F. Markolf, '04, at West Rutland They succeeded in starting a fox, but were unable to stop it.

Misses Elizabeth Salisbury and Anna Hazen and Lou C. Squire, all Sophomores, spent Thanksgiving with Miss Anna Baker of Rutland, formerly of the Class of 1903.

President Brainerd attended a memorial service for Hon. E. J. Phelps, held at Montpelier, Nov. 7. President Buckham of the University of Vermont delivered the address.

Voetsch and Simmons, '02, took part in a musical given by the Methodist church in Brandon November 20. Prof. Burnham of Boston, the blind organist, presided at the organ.

E. C. Lawrence, 01, who had his left knee quite seriously injured in the foot ball game at Rutland and has had considerable trouble with it since, is able to resume his college duties.

Percival Wilds and Lou C. Squire went to New Haven to witness the much-talked-of Yale-Harvard foot ball game. Both declare that from the very beginning Harvard had no show.

The congratulations of the student body are extended to Doctor Burt on the recent arrival at his home of a male primate.

Professor Wright has resumed his Saturday evening readings which have come to be such a pleasant feature for the Seniors' winter. The poet under consideration is Robert Browning.

The Misses Burditt and Thompson, '03, and Messrs. Parker, '01, Barnard, '00, and Barnard, '01, were guests at a house party given by Miss Burditt at Pittsford during the Thanksgiving recess.

Crowell, '04, has had a severe attack of erysipelas. He was removed from the dormitory to Professor Eaton's house during the recess, but has recovered enough to go to his home in Marblehead, Mass.

Preparations are being made to have a fine mandolin and guitar club to work in connection with the Glee club. There is a considerable amount of musical talent in the College and such a club ought to prove a success.

Mr. Gilbert, a recent graduate of Yale and traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, gave a history of the beginning and development of that work to an interested audience in the chapel during his visit to the Y. M. C. A.

At the meeting of the Class of 1902 the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Wilfred J Stone; vice-president, George R. Drake; secretary, Percival Wilds; treasurer, David A. Burke. At this meeting the Junior Promenade committee was also appointed to consist of Simmons, Thompson and Wilcox.

By the resolutions adopted at a recent meeting of the Athletic Association no student is allowed to wear the block M who has not played in half of the games during the season. Those who are qualified under this regulation are: Wilson, Lynde, Lawrence, Skeels, Stubbs, Bailey, Duffield, Wilcox, Wilds and Drake.

The librarian is about making the first yearly purchase of $1,000 worth of books as provided for by Dr. Allen Starr of New York City, son of Egbert Starr. Dr. Starr has promised $5,000, to be given for that purpose in $1,000 yearly installments. The books purchased this year will be in the fields of science and philosophy.

The work on the Warner Science Hall is progressing rapidly. The framework of the roof is completed and the leaders and artificial ironwork are now being put on. The lathing and plastering will begin at once; the outlook now is very bright for the completion of the building at the time called for by the contract. But one accident of a serious nature has happened; John Larrow, while adjusting a large block of marble over the doorway, stepped out too far on the stone, causing the fall of himself and the block upon the stone steps twenty feet below. Larrow suffered a compound fracture of the leg and is now in the Fanny Allen Hospital, Burlington, and is reported to be improving rapidly.

## A TALE OF WINTER.

Lots of pleasant weather;
Then a spell of rain;
With some solid freezing;
College just the same!

Jess and I are going
Up the college walk,
Making short the journey
With interesting talk.

Gravitation's pulling
As we climb the hill,
Causing us to gesture
Much against our will.

Suddenly we totter:
The centers of our mass
Seek their lowest level —
An inch above the grass.

Jess and I are busy
Keeping down our wrath;
All the others tell us
To leave the slippery path.

So we crawl, 'mid laughter,
On our hands and knees.
Jess as mad as can be,
As everybody sees.

Now she always cuts me,
And walking by her side
Is another fellow
To teach her how to slide.

O'er the slippery places
He guides her down the path,
Trusting in his heel irons
To keep away her wrath. '03.

# DRIFT WOOD.

## THE FOOT BALL GIRL.

A stunning girl in royal furs
  Which well befit her queenly air;
A gleam of ice, a careless step,
  And what a fall in furs was there.

The eager hands outstretched to aid
  She waved aside in quick disdain,
And then with calm courageous air,
  She sighed, "First down, two feet to gain."

—*Yale Record.*

"Of course you wear a Raglan. Then you must be interested to learn that Lord Raglan is the new British under-secretary of war. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says he is imbued with the military spirit *au bout des ongles*. However, he will pass down into history as the establisher of an overcoat whose shapelessness permits of its being worn not only by Johnnie and Jimmie and their 'pa,' but also by Sallie and Jennie and their 'ma.'"

Went to see the foot ball game,
Thought that I could play the same,
So in haste I joined the 'leven,
And — I'm writing this from heaven.—*Ex.*

A college student in rendering to his father an account of his term expenses, inserted "To charity, thirty dollars." His sire wrote back, "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you dovote just half a minute to mending this coat which a nail has chanced to rend."

"'Tis ten o'clock," said the drowsy mate.

"I know said Will, "it's rather late, but it's never too late to mend."

"Have I not offered you every advantage, my son?"

"Oh, yes," replied the lad, "but I could not think of taking advantage of you."

All that is requisite in the enjoyment of love and sausages is confidence.

"I speak within bounds," said the prisoner from the dock.

A small man who married a large widow became the widow's mite.


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